and the foam," written within the compass of eight notes, for niy poor singing voice, which will not go up high nor down low, was effective enough, but the music as a whole was too " chatty" for a severe tragedy. One night when I was singing rny very best:

"Moon, "bring him home, bring him home,
Safe from the dark and the cold/*

some one in the audience *sneezed.* Every one hurst out laughing, and I had to laugh too. I did not even attempt the next line.

" The Cup " was called a failure, but it ran 125 nights, and every night the house was crowded! On the hundredth night I sent Tennyson the Cup itself. I had it made in silver from Mr. Godwin's design—a three-handled cup, pipkin-shaped, standing on three legs.

" The Cup " and " The Corsican Brothers'* together made the bill too heavy and too long, even at a time when we still "rang up[1]* at 7.30; and in the April following the production of TennysoE's beautiful tragedy —which I think in sheer poetic -intensity surpasses "Becket," although it is not nearly so good a play— " The Belle's Stratagem " was substituted for "The Corsican Brothers." This was the first real rollicking comedy that a Lyceum audience had ever seen, and the way they laughed did my heart good. I had had enough of tragedy and the horrors by this time, and I could have cried with joy at that rare and welcome sight—an audience rocking with laughter. On the first night the play opened pro-

pitiously enough with a loud laugh due to the only accident of the kind that ever happened at the Lyceum. The curtain went tip before the staff had cleared," and Amott, Jimmy and the rest were seen running for their lives out of Hie centre entrance }